

You're Not So Bad Yourself by awayIwillfly

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Summary:

Reader needs comfort after verbal abuse from their father, and luckily Steve Harrington (excellent boyfriend and babysitter) is there to help.

You're Not So Bad Yourself

I am so fucking sick of this, you thought to yourself as you paced around your room in tears, trying figure out how to release all of the anger that has built up within you. Your father had gotten angry, *again*, and has *again* decided that you were a worthy target for verbal abuse. First, he dug into you about your clumsiness when he saw you trip away from the dinner table, and then about your grades, and then your attitude. In the end, it all boiled down to how you, the most hardworking and thoughtful person, are selfish, lazy, and going nowhere fast. He even had the audacity to tell you he was doing you a favor by tearing into you as he did.

After thirty minutes (which twenty-nine minutes longer than it ever needed to be), he left for his golf trip, and you went into your room for comfort, but could find none. You tried so hard not to hate your father, but could never get past his nagging and manipulation of you into thinking you were a bad person for not being exactly how he wanted you. Sometimes you'd get so frustrated you simply couldn't think and would end up in some sort of angry, silent meditation for several minutes.

After five minutes of your pacing, you heard a tapping on your bedroom window, snapping you out of your reverie. You went to the window, already knowing who was on the other side. You opened the window to the one and only Steve Harrington, your boyfriend of three months and amateur babysitter. He was smiling at you when you made eye contact with him, and you tried to smile back as you let him in, wiping at your eyes as he crawled in.

"So I know you said you wanted to study tonight," he started as he ducked under the window. "But then I remembered that I'm an *excellent* tutor, and can provide you with excellent references from every party member's parents, so I could definitely help you with any of your classes." He stood up once he was fully inside, and turned to you, getting a pack of notecards out of his back pocket, looking very pleased with himself. "I brought notecards because I find that making flashcards are really helpful for those guys, except every time you get something right, you get a kiss, which is a rule I made 'specially for

you.”

You smiled at this but avoided his gaze as you placed your hand over his. “You’re so sweet,” you said, staring at your hands. Your voice came out very weak and barely audible. “But as it turns out, I’m not really in a studying mood tonight.”

Steve knit his eyebrows together, noticing how worn you looked. “Hey,” he said, putting one of his hands on your shoulder. “Everything okay?” You nodded and rubbed your eyes.

“Yeah, uh, it’s just my dad,” you mumbled out. “But you know, what else is new?” Your voice shook as you said this, and quickly glanced at Steve, who looked at you with worry. You’d been dating for a relatively short time, but you didn’t make any secret of your dad being an asshole. You’d complained about him before, and Steve was understanding because his dad was the same. This, however, was the first time he’s had to see you this upset after a confrontation with your father. You weren’t sure how you felt about the vulnerability of the situation.

“What happened?” You looked up at Steve and saw genuine concern in his eyes. You grasped his hand tighter and looked at the ground. “You...you don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to.”

“No, it’s fine,” you said. “He was just in a bad mood, and then tripped over something in front of him, and he started yelling at me about paying more attention, and how this was somehow connected to why my grades aren’t good enough and how I’m not a good person and how I’m destroying my future.” Your eyes were starting tear up, and you quickly wiped them. “But, you know, that’s the usual with him, I don’t even know why I’m getting upset.” Your voice broke at the end of that statement, and you quickly let go of Steve’s hand and turned away from him, embarrassed to be crying in front of him.

“Hey, hey, hey,” Steve said, hand still on your shoulder. He stepped toward you and leaned his head closer to yours. “It’s okay that you’re upset, he shouldn’t say these things to you.” You kept wiping your eyes but the tears kept flowing.

“He just makes me feel so *awful* all the time,” you sobbed. “I try so

hard to be good enough, but he always finds something to yell about.” You heard Steve sigh.

“He’s a douchebag, Y/N,” Steve stated the obvious, but it still helped to hear that from him. “You *are* good enough, you’re one of the hardest working people I know. You shouldn’t need your dad’s approval to see that.” At this, you turned to Steve and hugged him tightly. He wrapped his arm around your waist and kissed your forehead.

“Thank you, Steve,” you said. You closed your eyes and kissed his cheek. “You’re not so bad yourself, you know.” Steve was good at pretending not to care what his dad thought of him, but you knew the way his father treats him bothered him. Steve didn’t respond.

You stood there a few more moments, embracing each other in your bedroom, then Steve drew back slightly and rested his forehead against yours.

“Is your dad still home?”

“No,” you said. “He left for a trip. It’s just me tonight.”

“Okay,” he said. “Well, since studying’s off the table tonight, I say we go downstairs, make some popcorn, and watch a movie.”

“What do you wanna watch?”

“Doesn’t matter,” he said. “Anything you want.” You smiled up at him.

“Well,” you said. “I like the Outsiders.”

“Great!” Steve said. “Then we’ll watch the Outsiders.” He pressed a chaste kiss to your lips and then the two of you went downstairs to watch the movie together. You cuddled up together with a blanket and a bowl of popcorn. Steve put his arm around your shoulder while you snuggled your head to his chest.

Throughout the movie, Steve kept whispering stupid jokes to you and you alternated between laughing and hitting him playfully. After about an hour, you’d forgotten that you were ever upset. You smiled

to yourself and stole a look at Steve while he was focused on the movie. You pushed yourself up to rake a hand through his hair, but he remained focused on the movie.

“I love you,” you said softly. At this, Steve turned his head to you. You’d never said ‘I love you’ before, but you didn’t feel afraid to do it at all. You trusted Steve with your feelings and could open up to him about anything.

“I love you too,” he grinned at you and grabbed your hand, bringing it to his lips to kiss it. You smiled and kissed him on the cheek, and then leaned away and grasped his hand tighter. You fell asleep together before the movie ended, both of you happy and safe.

One day, you would run away from Hawkins together, you knew it. You would leave this town behind and have a million adventures together.

Author's Note:

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